



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**HOLD EVERYTHING—YOUR
TEMPER PRINCIPALLY**

We are due to be assaulted this week-end and next. Stanford closed Wednesday for a ten-day vacation. It will be our first unpleasant harbinger of summer. But we must remember they are children, their perspective yet out of kilter and their sense of proportion still off-side. We must exercise infinite patience and understanding. And we must have sympathy—particularly for Willard Whitney, Rudy Brainer and Erskine DeLoe.

**LET'S PUT A STOP TO THIS
DAMNABLE ANNOYANCE**

This is something that should be nipped in the bud before it goes to flower and beyond our control. It's the increasing annoyance caused to patrons of the Carmel Theatre by young boys and girls who think they're smart, but whose manifest mental I.Q. is far below their calendar years.

Last Monday night, in the balcony of the theatre, there was a disgusting example of what we're driving at. Two boys and two girls, of high school age, and from the class of homes which they disgraced, made life miserable for those about them by laughing and talking continually throughout the pictures. There is no doubt that they considered themselves smart and that they were showing off to the hoped-for amazement and admiration of each other. That the reaction they got from those about them was amazement, perhaps, but something else that is not akin to admiration, goes without saying.

We happen to know their names and we are certain if we told them, their parents would be astounded.

John Jordan refers to this sort of thing as manifest rugged individualism learned in our modern schools. We sometimes wonder if John isn't right for once. But we don't understand why decent consideration for others isn't included in rugged individualism. Absence of it makes a young boy or girl a very unbeautiful thing indeed.

**ROWNTREE GETS HUMOROUS—
STANDS ON HIS RECORD**

True to form, Carmel's municipal election campaign starts out on an amusing note. And, of all people, the humorous chord is struck by Bernard Rowntree who, as a rule, is about as amusing as a can of sardines.

Rowntree, in announcing his candidacy for re-election as a member of the city council, epitomizes his platform in these here words:

"I stand on my record."

Now, if that isn't funny, our sense of humor has taken an awful tumble in the past decade.

Running for the council is a serious business, and Bernard Rowntree, the bronze statue of heavy seriousness, should realize this. He should have dignified his campaign, rather than made it funny. He should have stated his platform somehow in this here way:

"I offer myself to the people of Carmel as a changed and chastened man. I repudiate my record of the past two years. I very decidedly do not wish to stand on it. I think it is shameful. I wish to have nothing to do with it. Rather, I stand before the electorate of Carmel as a candidate who, in seeking to return to

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CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 8 • No. 11

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 18, 1938

5 CENTS

Council and City Clerk Clash Over Adams as Her Assistant

DOG CATCHERS WILL LISTEN TO YOUR PLAINTS

If you've got something on your chest you would like to get rid of and shoot in the direction of the Humane Society, gather up your loins and hie yourself over to the council chambers in Monterey tonight and shoot it.

The Humane Society is holding a public meeting there tonight and is ready and willing to listen to quarantine protestants.

In the meantime, everybody who is interested in Humane Society affairs wonders what caused Guy Curtis, to eliminate himself from the picture by resigning as director of the organization. We're wondering if he couldn't take it, or what. We couldn't get him on the telephone, or grab him in person yesterday to find out about it so will accept and transfer to our readers his statement that private business interfered with his humane society work, or vice versa.

In the meantime, the Carmel City Council has decided that it matched on the matter of an appropriation of \$85 to aid the society in its augmented work caused by the dog quarantine and will pass the warrant at its next meeting. It has decided that while Monterey didn't provide actual money, it did help out by supplying some man power.

On the other hand, the council will not deputize a poundman from the society to operate over here. If the society will notify the chief of police when it would like to come over and gather up a few loose dogs, the chief will supply a police officer to go with the dog catcher and protect him from sticks and stones propelled by the hands of irate dog owners. Farther than that the city of Carmel refuses point-blank to go.

Teller To Read Play To Legion

Ronald Teller is coming back to town tomorrow and tomorrow night is reading "I'd Rather Be Right," George Cohan's present Broadway success, at the American Legion Clubhouse on Dolores street.

This will be an evening in which the Legion and Auxiliary will be hosts to their friends and invitations have been sent out to all who come in this category. There will be sandwiches and coffee after the reading to round out the social program.

Commander M. J. Peterson of the Carmel Post reports the donation of \$25 by the local legion to the fund for a permanent Boy Scout camp and cigarette money was recently sent to the veterans' home at Palo Alto.

Mrs. Marjorie Bare and Mrs. Eva McMahon spent some time in Sacramento last week.

ELECTION CAMPAIGN STARTS OFF WITH BEST STORY OF THE WEEK AND HUMOR FROM ROWNTREE

Carmel's municipal campaign has started—and how.

Listen to this one:

An upstanding young man, driving an automobile on Monday of the past week, headed for Carmel from Monterey and with the spirit of human kindness flowing strong in his veins, stopped for a walker at the foot of the hill on the other side.

The walker, white-haired, but apparently physically fit and able to walk the hill if necessary, accepted the ride with all due thanks.

The conversation began, of course, this way:

"Do you live in Carmel?" asked the young man.

"Should say I do," answered the older. "Been living there for 15 years."

"Well, I ought to know you. I've lived there since the war, and before that from the time I was three years old."

"Yes," said the older. "I'm running for the city council in Carmel. My name's Taylor."

"Fine," said the younger. "Meet

another candidate for the city council. My name's Campbell."

And it was, perhaps, direct from Gordy's automobile that E. L. Taylor came to THE CYMBAL office and left this with us:

"It has long been the practice of pseudo-politicians to form combinations for political advantage. I wish to state to the people of Carmel that I am not sponsored by any combination, clique or faction, and am absolutely free to serve the best interests of Carmel if elected a member of the city council."

And Bernard Rowntree, as a candidate for re-election, stands on his record.

And Bert Heron has sold his book shop and rolled up his sleeves.

Fred Bechdolt is making his customary once-a-day visit to the post office, down Ocean avenue to Dolores and back to the woods.

E. W. Aldrich is discussing taxes, municipal income, municipal expenditures, and municipal things in general with voters, first on Daisy Bostick's corner, then on Doc Staniford's corner.

The campaign is on!

ABALONES WILL GET TOGETHER THIS SUNDAY

Answering the call of the wild the Abalone League is going back to a first love. Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton, but Carmel achievements—civic, commercial, spiritual and moral—were won south of Santa Lucia and Charlie Van Riper insists that future generations of municipal glory shall still find their inceptions and inspirations there.

At 2 o'clock this coming Sunday afternoon old men, bent and grey, will, if Allah of the weather permits, gather around Charlie somewhere in the deep depths of the Mission Tract and endeavor to lift bats and toss balls. Among the aged and infirm will undoubtedly be Doc Staniford, Byington Ford, Frances Brewer, Rosie Henry, Tal Josselyn, Helen Heavey, Otto Bardarson, Ivan Kelsey, Helen Van Riper and Frank Townsend.

The old Abalone Field in Carmel Woods is being cut up into lots and put on the market for eager purchasers of Carmel real estate.

MACBETH'S TO CLOSE SHOP; TOO BAD; NICE PLACE

The entire stock of Macbeth's decorating shop will be sold and the shop will close around April 1. Some of the furniture and lamps were custom-made to Peter Rooke-Ley's specifications and the materials were carefully selected by Peter and Linda, both interior decorators.

The closing of Macbeth's will be a great loss to Carmel's list of fine shops, but Carmel will not lose the

HERBERT HERON SELLS 7 ARTS BOOK SHOP

Another big upheaval has taken place in Carmel! Bert Heron has sold the book shop, known as the Seven Arts, to Miss Edith Griffin, a part-time resident of Carmel for the past 23 years. Bert now feels as free as the breeze and says he plans to catch up on the things he has wanted to do for many years. Civic, dramatic and literary pursuits will take up a considerable amount of his time, and Miss Griffin will devote herself to the shop, which, incidentally, will be run on the same basis it has always been run, but, we feel, in a more orderly fashion.

The Seven Arts, now in its 20th year, was the first of the so-called world-famous Carmel shops. That is, it was the first shop not catering to utility. It has always been known as the largest and finest shop between San Jose and Santa Barbara, and, although there is no way of proving it, it has been claimed that Carmel with its population of but 3,000 boasts the distinction of supporting a book shop which could not be found in cities four times its size.

Friends of Professor and Mrs. Francis E. Lloyd will be glad to know that Mrs. Lloyd has returned from San Francisco where she underwent a minor operation a few days ago.

Rooke-Lays because they have taken a house up the valley for the summer.

SAIDEE REFUSES TO PROVIDE HIM WITH WORK TO DO TO EARN HIS PAY FROM CITY

Saidee Van Brower, our abiding city clerk, and the city council are due to clash again when the council comes together for its adjourned session next Wednesday night.

In solemn caucus assembled last Monday, the council came to the conclusion that it couldn't very well remove Birney Adams from the city payroll at this late hour of its existence as to present personnel and that the best thing it could do would be to wish him onto the city clerk as her helper in her present extremity.

This will be done officially at next Wednesday night's meeting, but it will run up against one stumbling block. Saidee Van Brower will have no more of Birney Adams than she did of the nice little set of books the Shaff Brothers decreed for her and the council unwisely but too well bought for her.

Saidee wants someone to help her who knows something about her work and all its ramifications. She wants Peter Mawdsley. She claims she is entitled to a deputy. She points out that she has handled the city clerk's work alone for many years while Carmel has more than

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WAS IT YOU? Number 14

When I first saw you, you were crossing Ocean avenue with a baby buggy. It was a small one and the occupant wore a red dress and lay on her side to accommodate two paper sacks. They were much larger than she. At the curb you met a friend, who walked half a block with you. Mrs. McGrury passed with a word or two about the baby. I think she asked you if the baby were cold. You told her "No." And here comes another friend! You stopped to chat in front of El Fumador. You teetered the buggy on its front wheels which must have given the little lady in the red dress an awful feeling. You were jumping on and off the axle bar and chewing gum furiously. Finally you looked at your watch and decided to get on home. But you only got as far as the corner and Mr. Etter. I heard you tell him, "She left the baby out in the rain. She's careless!" And then you were off at full speed down Dolores... for half a block. You stopped and got out from one of the paper sacks, a Paloo. Re-animated with that, you actually loped homeward. And the lady in red could not have liked that at all.

If you were this person, bring this paper into the CYMBAL office and we will give you a shiny new dollar or whatever we have in the dollar line.

his seat on the council, has the wisdom to change his mind, change his perspective, change his ideas, turn himself inside out, as it were, and be an entirely different Bernard Rowntree than you have ever known."

That would be something. That would be wise. That would be serious and dignified.

More to the point, it would have made things tough for the other candidates. People like frankness and honesty. They like, above all, the man who will admit he has made mistakes and has the courage to face about and try to atone for them.

But instead of candor, frankness and dignity, we get humor from the source from which we least expected it.

"I stand on my record," says Bernard Rowntree.

Your record, Bernard? It smells to high heaven. It is strewn with errors, some of them your own, some of them the present council's, and in which you silently acquiesced.

You were instrumental; in fact, you were the direct action member of the board, in the most disgraceful action any legislative body is capable of, the underhanded, two-faced attempt to end the long and faithful service of a city official.

You were instrumental; in fact, you were the directing force in the messing-up of the physical structure of the fire house and the moral structure of the fire department.

You were instrumental; in fact, yours was the directing hand which named Birney Adams as building inspector, a job for which the building fraternity is almost at one in declaring him unfit. You placed him on full-time when you know, or you should have known that even in the best of times there is not enough building during six months of the year in this fair city to cause a ray of hope in a convention of termites.

You were silently acquiescent to and, as a member of the finance committee, made legally possible the wild spending of more than \$4,000 for an audit of the city's books. This audit, and particularly the manner of its authorization, was an example of the maladministration of public funds for which the present city council has made itself notable.

You, a man who has messed around with figures as a means of livelihood, should most certainly be ashamed of your part in this audit fiasco. The method by which you, as a member of the city council, made this audit possible, and your acceptance of the absurd blanket contract with the auditors, were in direct antipathy to your own economic ideas and convictions. They must have been or you, yourself, wouldn't have a nickel on the black side of your own ledger. You, in your private business, would otherwise be in the same position as that in which you have contributed to placing this city—bankrupt as far as are concerned necessary funds for the conduct of municipal business for the balance of the year.

Outside of the vicious method by which you contracted for the audit, the audit itself proved a fiasco, a complete waste of the more than \$4,000 you drew out of the city's tax money to pay for it. You and Everett Smith were talked into that audit by someone who convinced you that you would be able to discover errors and omissions in the city clerk's books totalling a sum that would compensate the city for the audit cost, or what reasonably would have been the audit cost.

What did you find? You found errors, all right, but your newly-appointed city attorney absolved

the city clerk of blame in them. You found omissions, but the repayment to the city treasury in compensation for them wouldn't keep you in cheroots for a month.

Not only was this audit an absurdly expensive thing, but it turned out to be a useless thing as far as are concerned your intention and hope in instituting it.

In a nutshell, it develops that you did something in the matter of this audit that you would no more think of doing in your private business than you would contemplate misappropriating the premiums of your insurance clients.

You stand on your record, do you? Well, God pity your stand and God have mercy on your record!

—W. K. B.

DICK AND HILDRETH HERE ON BUSINESS OR SOMETHING

Dick and Hildreth Masten, who are living at present just beyond the other end of the Golden Gate bridge, arrived in town yesterday and, according to their threat, will remain until some time late Saturday. Dick says he has to be home by Saturday night, but Hildreth hasn't voiced her decision as yet in the matter of a return, and Hildreth will, in the last analysis, decide. According to Dick, they are here because they have a couple of houses that need looking after, or at, but according to Hildreth they are here because she has been pinning to be here ever since she went from here on the last visit. Dick has it that they came down to get out of Sausalito rain and into Carmel sunshine, which, when he said it, wasn't in operation. The best thing we got from them, outside of the fact that they are going to stay a couple of days, is that they can't get hold of their CYMBAL when it arrives in Sausalito because the maid pounces on it and keeps it until she gets to the last word on the last page. And, as Ripley would say, the maid's name is Thelma.

MAUD HOFFMASTER, NOTED PAINTER, VISITS HERE

Maud Miller Hoffmaster, from Michigan, left Carmel Monday after spending a short time here with her sister, Mabel Miller Palmer. Mrs. Hoffmaster is an internationally known artist whose paintings have been acclaimed by many prominent critics. She paints in moods which give her pictures an aliveness and spiritual quality, a few reasons why Georges Bal, famous French critic, said of her: "She can be placed among the greatest landscape painters of the day."

An idea now being used in many schools and at the Art Institute in Chicago was started by Mrs. Hoffmaster and called Co-relation of the Arts. She gives talks illustrated by her paintings and music. She gave many of these programs in the East with Dorothy Miller Duckwite, winner of the Steinway grand prize at Fontainebleau, and recently conducted a program at the Vista del Aroya in Pasadena. Mrs. Hoffmaster, who does etchings and block prints, besides paintings, has her work in many private collections and in public galleries, and she did four years of work on the Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Hoffmaster's paintings were enjoyed by many people in Carmel at two teas given by her sister. She has done several sketches while here and among her best known paintings are "Solitude," "Abandoned to the Vetch," "The Country Doctor" and "The Road Out."

Cymbal classified ads have proven themselves to be effective little things.

Personalities & Personals

Maude Palmer Jones has returned to San Francisco after spending two weeks in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Flint, of San Francisco, are spending several weeks in Carmel.

Mrs. Emily Neukranz has just returned from Chicago where she has been visiting her family.

Mrs. Philip Nesbitt joined her husband in Carmel after spending a few days in the Bay Region.

Mrs. Etha Berkey returned from a two weeks' trip to Chicago.

Mrs. D. J. Schoop, of Hollywood, and Miss Jean Dallas, of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, were overnight guests at the Mission Ranch Club, en route to San Francisco.

Mrs. H. J. Jackson, of Flint, Michigan, has arrived in Carmel to visit her nephew, David Eldridge.

Hope Thomas is in the Peninsula Community Hospital recovering from an appendicitis operation.

Mrs. Ray Gross and daughter, Nancy, came up from Beverly Hills to spend last week-end here.

Anne Greene, Adolph Teichert and Jerry Chance were the hosts at another of their successful cocktail parties recently at Teichert's studio in Carmel Woods.

John and Mitzi Eaton have leased the lobby of the old Theatre of The Golden Bough and are remodelling it into a marionette theatre.

Dick and Barbara Bare arrived from Hollywood on Saturday and are now preparing for the opening of the Filmarte Theatre in April for the presentation of movie programs.

Mrs. Camille Hall has returned from visiting Mrs. Charles Fay in San Francisco and plans to remain in Carmel permanently.

Mrs. Robert Riegg and her son spent last week in Carmel visiting Mrs. Addie Price. They were joined on Saturday by Mr. Riegg, the brother of Mrs. Gladys R. Johnston. Mrs. Johnston drove them to San Francisco for a short visit.

Mrs. Whitaker Martinez and daughter, Micaela, and Miss Harriet Deane, all of Piedmont, plan to spend this week-end in Carmel.

Rod Asturias spent last week-

end in San Francisco. Driving back with him was Marian Sutro who is going to stay in Carmel permanently now.

Betty Hyde has returned from the East and plans to stay in Carmel for the next six months. She reports that her mother, Fern Hyde, is still somewhere on the high seas.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Congdon, of Duluth, Minnesota, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Howard, also from Minnesota, are spending about three weeks in Carmel as guests of La Playa Hotel.

Don Blanding has had as his guests during the past week Jack Hotaling, Miss Donnie Donnell and Mrs. Alma Brooks, all of Los Angeles.

Imelman's suffered the loss of Beverly Stover this week when he was at home for several days as the result of a severe tooth extraction.

Audrey Marten and Lt. Wilfred Tetley, U.S.A., West Point 1936, were married yesterday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock in the Carmel Mission Chapel. Due to the illness of Major Thomas L. McKenna, of San Francisco, the Rev. Michael O'Connell officiated. The bride wore a white organza dress with a short veil and carried a spray of lilies-of-the-valley. She was unattended. Lt. John Harold Daly, of the Presidio of Monterey, was best man.

The reception following the ceremony was held at the Pebble Beach home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Frederick Earl Caulkins.

Following their honeymoon the young couple will live at the Monterey Presidio.

O'CROTTY MAKES FURTHER CONTRIBUTION TO OUR FAME ABROAD

Peter O'Crotty, whose efforts to make Carmel appear absurd were most effective while he was here and contributed to it, is now telling the world about us. In a recent issue of the "Writers' Year Book" this is credited to him:

"Carmel is a tootie-frootie whipped cream puff, frothing with the three A's—Art, Artists and Assininity. Despite that build-up, it is still probably the best place in California for a three to five hundred dollar a year man. Besides the phonies, there are many real writers and hard workers there."

If you know something you think The Cymbal ought to know, telephone Carmel 77 and tell us.

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DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Domino Yates is sojourning at a local sanatorium where he is undergoing treatment for a slight indisposition. His friends hope he will be back home soon for the dapper Domino cuts such a dashing figure on the avenue.

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Smudge Marble, of the Carmel Valley Marbles, is also in the hospital—but for a very different reason. It seems that there was a slight altercation over a certain young lady that ended in a free-for-all fight.

When Smudge's master, Stuart Marble, went to the hospital to visit him, he confided in him that never again would he fight over a girl. No, never again.

"And," said Smudge through the sticking plaster, "if you think I look pretty bad you should see those three other fellows."

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The Protective League for the Underdog nominates for membership Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bein for their kindness in helping Lady De Loë find her family again. The Beins found poor Lady wandering around in the rain, cold, hungry, and hopelessly lost. They took her in and fed her and gave her a warm bed for the night. Then the next morning they went out to try to find her owner.

After several attempts they finally found that she belonged to the De Loës, and they returned her—rather with reluctance because they had already grown quite attached to the lovely Llewellyn setter and had half hoped that they could adopt her themselves.

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That roly-poly puppy with the wobbly legs and the nose that looks as if it had been in the jam jar is Carlo Kuhn, who is spending some time here with his owner, Sarita Gillet Kuhn.

He was christened Carlo for Jerry but that was considered too long a name for a little fellow. If he continues to grow at the alarming rate he is growing at present, he soon will be big enough for much more name than that. Carlo is just about kindergarten age and, like so many attractive children, he creates a stir wherever he goes.

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There is quite a situation in the Duke André household; where there was once no dog at all, there is now too much dog. For Mr. and Mrs. André have taken to share their hearth and home a large, handsome German shepherd named Rolly, and a large, handsome Dane named Dutch. (The combined weight of these two is quite something, to say nothing of the combined appetites.) Just how they are going to manage with the two big fellows is still puzzling the André.

Though Rolly feels that he is in on the ground floor because he got there first, he feels very much slighted because Miscan Fraser passed him up the other day and went over to Dr. Hammond's to get a manicure when he stood ready to give her an excellent one. Then to add insult to injury she made eyes at Teddy Jordan and Rolly says he suspects him of using henna rinse to enhance his manly beauty.

Money and Meltzer Surprise Audience At Carmel Players Intimate Evening

There were two distinct surprises for the pleasure and gratification of a large audience at the Carmel Players' "intimate" night in the Filmarte Theatre Monday of this week.

One was the robust condition of the Players as set forth (we almost wrote "demonstrated") by E. A. H. Watson, the treasurer, and the other came in the form of an individual with a black beard and answering to the name of Bob Meltzer.

Watson's report showed that after having handed the half-expected, half-doubtful public three admirably presented plays over a like number of months and at a general admittance price of 50 cents, there is yet a balance in the treasury. More than this balance of money, there is still a large balance of interest and enthusiasm and if ever there was a going concern, commercial or artistic, in the life of Carmel, the Carmel Players is it.

As for this intimate and neighborly program of three one-act plays Monday night, a surprisingly full house relished it completely. Opening with a brief piano recital by Adolph Teichert, the evening provided two hours of swell entertainment for the large sum of 25 cents (members got in free).

If we eliminate mention of Charlie Van Riper, who talked our heads off, but most acceptably, and By Ford, who led the orchestra—with a winding right arm and a needle in a square box—we must present palms and roses and castles of vodka to this Bob Meltzer person who kept Martin Flavin and the rest of us in stitches for the exact space of time he was visible and audible on the stage. The consensus in the aisles and the lobby after the show and at breakfast Tuesday morning was: "We never imagined he could do it." Why we never imagined he could do it, I don't understand, for the simple reason that we had never before had the opportunity of determining whether or not he could do it.

But, all surprises aside, the fact remains that for about three-quarters of an hour Monday night, Bob Meltzer made every man, woman and child in the Filmarte forget every trouble he had, real or fancied. Even the income tax deadlines meant nothing to anybody. His contribution to the gaiety of nations, at a period when Hitler is contributing so much to the tra-

vail of them, shall go down in history as a great human achievement.

In "The Boor," Meltzer worked himself up into a lather that threatened the rafters of the building by the very expansion of its suds. Materially it devastated only a chair, two glasses and a woman's heart, placed herein, not necessarily, in the order of their value. Anton Chekov's play was physically and vocally well-interpreted by Meltzer. He did a swell job with it.

He was more than ably assisted by Rosalie James, who is beautiful to look at, and was as surprisingly adept in her part as Meltzer, albeit she hadn't so much to do, nor granted the center of the stage so long a time to do it in, nor possessed of a voice coming from her feet and quivering the roof.

"A Knock at the Door" by Frances Baker could have been much better accomplished if there had been more time for Harry Hedger and Zonie Claypool for rehearsing it. In it, if nothing else, the most attractive Miss Claypool aroused general interest in her possibilities among the Carmel Players.

Frances Hudgins and Verne Regan presented their "What Next," depicting a council of five women sitting, in Carmel, ten years hence. Marion Todd centered the thing as the mayor and in her Carmel-renowned stage ability kept enough order and decorum among her sister legislators to get the jolts and jibes at local lights over to the audience which received them hilariously. The funniest thing they did was the reading of an ordinance which placed a license on trees, \$2 for males, \$4 for females; stipulating that they could not be taken

DON BLANDING TELLS P.T.A. ABOUT COLOR AND BEAUTY

The Parent-Teacher Association met Tuesday afternoon to hear a talk by Don Blanding who chose as his topic "Drifting Gold," a discussion of color and beauty.

The most important point that was brought up at the business meeting was the plea for donations to the Welfare Fund, given by Mrs. Lilly C. Trowbridge. There are demands for clothes and milk for pupils of the third, fourth and fifth grades. If contributions cannot be made in the way of clothes, it was asked that contributions be made to the fund. Through the P.T.A. mid-morning milk and orange juice has been given to the pupils who need it and a vast improvement has been shown by these children.

The nominating committee to select officers for the executive board of next year was elected at Tuesday's meeting. Those on the committee are Mrs. C. J. Ryland, Mrs. Frances Johnson and Mrs. L. H. Levinson.

on the streets except on a leash and forbidding their entering food stores.

The evening reached on occasion almost to the point of a riot. It was a success no end. —W. K. B.

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Mission Dedicates Orgatron Sunday

The dedicatory recital of the Everett Orgatron will take place Sunday night at the Carmel Mission at 8 p.m. E. Richard Wissmueller, concert organist, will play and Noel Sullivan, basso, will sing.

His Excellency, the Most Rev. Philip G. Scher, D.D., will begin the evening by a solemn blessing of the orgatron to be followed by Wissmueller playing *Aria* by Giuseppe Tartini, *Prelude and Fugue in E Minor* by Bach, *Sonatina from God's Time Is Best* by Bach and *Lyon and Andante* by Karl Stamitz. Songs will be Bach's *Komm Susser Tod*, Cesar Franck's *Paradis Angelicus* and Anton Dvorak's *Bible Song*. Wissmueller will then play *Prelude in B Minor* by Cesar Franck, *Romance Sans Paroles* by Josef Bonnet, *Andante Cantabile* by Charles-Marie Widor and *Eire*, an Irish fantasy, by E. Richard Wissmueller. Solemn benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament will follow the recital. Anyone who is interested is asked to be at the Mission Sunday night.

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In Carmel Friday is synonymous with Cymbal in the minds of nine-tenths of the residents. As a synonym it passed Fish months ago.

Redwood Pickets

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The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

Published every Friday by

THE CYMBAL COMPANY

E. A. H. Watson & A. Porter Halsey
W. K. BassettSEVENTH AND SAN CARLOS STREET
P. O. BOX 1800 • TELEPHONE 77
Ocean Avenue Office: South Side
near Mission (Carmel Investment Co.)

PRINTED BY CARMEL PRESS, INC

Subscription, \$1 a year, by mail
Foreign, \$2 a yearEntered as second-class matter at
the post office at Carmel, Calif.,
under the act of March 3, 1879

W. K. BASSETT, Editor

Vol. 8

No. 11

March 18, 1938

The Cymbal is on sale at—
Del Monte Hotel newstand,
McKay's Newstand, Monterey,
Grove Pharmacy, Pacific Grove,

Burt Finds We're Right—And a Bottle, Too

Mr. CYMBAL:

You were right about the late storm providing a free survey regarding an outfall sewer for Carmel. Yesterday I had final proof that ocean currents will litter the beaches with anything coming down the Carmel river or poured upon the nearby surface of the ocean. So I'm off the demand that the Sanitary Board provide an engineer's survey before installing a land disposal system.

And here's why: I was walking along the beach and found a catsup bottle bearing the pantry tag of an upstream ranch. It must have been taken far out to sea in the rush of river water and then blown back upon our matchless beach—a perfect surface float test of current and wind action. It was conclusive to me at least. But wait! There was a paper inside. I unscrewed the cap, fished out the paper with an upstream willow branch, hoping for a start on adventure, a la Poe. But, gosh darn it, it was only—well, here it is:

TO A MOUTH

La Bocadel Rio Carmelo
It yawns and it smelleth like hell-o.
But the Board called the Sa-han-i-tary
With promises definite, very,
Will clean that old boca
And adjacent loca
Killing all of that dear, ancient smello!
After years of that Board's sundry poses
Our delicate Carmelite noses,
Once used to the scent of sweet roses,
Shall cease to detect halitosis.

After considering the meter and form of this find, I'm not quite sure what kind of a bottle it came from. Anyway, it served its purpose as a survey float. No signature to the jingle, mind you, its author probably belonging to that large class known as "unknown, unhonored and unstrung."

—FREDERIC BURT

+ + +

Lucy B. Pierce of the Mesa has been visiting in Carmel for several days. She is now living in Berkeley due to ill health, but her many friends are happy to know that she is steadily improving.

THIS THING AND THAT

V. E., BACKSLIDER

Our ancestors had a hell of a time,
Both heathen and orthodox,
With a point in the year that wouldn't stay put
Called the Vernal Equinox.

On March 21, the path of the sun
Should cross the celestial equator—
Things are amiss if old Sol pulls off this
On a date that is sooner or later—

If our calendar's right, sleep-time or night
Is as long as awake-time or playtime;
And reliable clocks tick the same score of tocks
For the dark as they do for the daytime.

But in days of old—if we trust what we're told—
V. Equinox wouldn't behave;
In Greece and in China and South Carolina*
He stymied the smart and the brave.

What then took place should shame his face—
The Equinox broke (so I hear)
In a spirit of fun, from March 21,
And skidded ten days to the rear.

This was because natural laws—
For their own inscrutable reasons—
Have failed to provide that the turn of the tide
Will jibe with the solar seasons.

By which we mean (if you will conquer your spleen
And hear this thing out till it's clear)
That twelve lunar months will elapse too soon
To match a solar year.

(Astronomical cheek of the Jew and the Greek
Allowed them to intercalate
Now and then without fear, a new month in a year—
Three times in a cycle of eight.

This lunar year's brevity gave small cause for levity;
It afforded great Caesar much grief;
It made him arrange a calendar change
Which accomplished a fleeting relief.)

Still the annual error was a holy terror
Till in fifteen eighty-two
Folks got in a huddle to tackle the muddle
And think the darn thing through.

"A pox," cried one, "on this Equinox!
"It's ten days off its beat—
"I have the dope—we'll petition the Pope
"To put calendars on their feet!"

But not even a Pope could harbor the hope
Of halting a motion celestial.
There are more ways than one to skin rabbits, my son—
And Gregory tried the terrestrial.

By papal bull he contrived to pull
The calendar out of its plight,
Sagely o'ertaking the heartless, forsaking,
Spring aqu-us nox on its flight.

An ecclesiastical, slightly fantastical
Bull from his Holiness' See
Declared without quarter these ten days had orter
Entirely cease to be.

And wisely indeed, he further decreed
That leap years should pop up more rarely—
V.E. on the loose is now caught in a noose
And cleaves to us fairly and squarely.

—EDITH FRISBIE

* Editor's note: An excellent example of the anachronism.

MISSION RANCH CLUB MAKES DINNER DANCE PLANS

Plans are going forward for the dinner dance to be given at the Mission Ranch Club on the night of April 16. David Eldridge has promised that he will have as fine a party as was enjoyed by those who went to the New Year's Eve Dinner Dance. Excellent food, the same fine music and entertainment

will all contribute to make this one of the highlights of the spring season. Members and friends are urged to make reservations as early as possible as a large crowd is expected and the management does not want anyone to be disappointed.

+ + +

Try a Cymbal classified ad, not once, but three or four times, and get the surprise of your life.

OUR FIRE CHIEF, A BIT SORE, BUT UP AND AROUND

Jean Leidig says Dad is up and around the house and (this is our surmise) making himself a nuisance to the women folk. When your chief concern for years has been getting around fast and getting around everywhere, it's annoying to one to be confined in one's home with a busted shoulder. Bob probably got his injury practicing. There haven't been any fires for more than a month and the fire chief climbed up onto a building to keep himself in trim. He came down with enough

precipitation to fracture his shoulder. He's getting along nicely, however.

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CALIFORNIA PROFILE — II

TUAN LAKAS



In that part of the world where there is neither dusk nor dawn, at the season when the southwest monsoon titivates the tops of the holy myrtle trees and tickles the bamboo ribs; when the long-breathing sumatras keen down Malacca Strait, visiting thunder and cracked lightning upon the ninety volcanoes of the biggest of the Great Sunda Islands; and when the two-horned rhino nuzzles her half-ton suckling in the shade of the glaga grass, we find our hero astraddle the equator, going up to Medan to take on his duties as manager of a tobacco plantation.

"Put that devil of a Dutchman up in the mountains where he can't get into trouble," the cautious Holland merchant ordered. And you shall see.

It is 1887 and Charlie Vink is a lusty twenty-three-year-old. Holland is at war with Achin at the northernmost tip of the Island of Sumatra, a tedious war lasting thirty years, and the country just beyond Vink's kampong is forbidden territory. But near at hand and all around him is the jungle. He has left forever the pavements, the plush bottoms. Here in Medan is no bowing from the waist in knee breeches, but a stealthy crossing from Singapore to elude Malayan pirates; the journey in the small caretta up to his kampong is attended by no rosy maidens peeping from behind their draperies, but instead, along the narrow rhemis leading to the clearing the long-tailed monkeys chitter a dubious welcome and the slow loris pokes out his snout. By the path the moss-loving orchids beckon like trulls of the forest from their downy doorways and from a sandal-wood tree leers the half-closed eye of the great green crested gaper. Underfoot is "that here nepenthe that procureth all delights."

I cannot see that the jungle offered a great many hardships, even fifty years ago. When Vink arrived at his stout little house, set up on its seven-foot poles, the household had foregathered to greet him. The Chinese cook, the syce or stable boy; an odd Chinaman for outside work, and for chalking the everlasting white shoes. Shortly he engaged Arpon the faithful huntsman, Arpon the cunning, Arpon the peer of his young master in small matters of dubiety. Arpon, the back and front bumper in a slightly hostile world. To the needful conveniences of the house was added the wine list which circulated freely, insuring that the ships that took the leaf to Amsterdam did not fetch back empty. Champagne, the Bordeaux and the Rhine wines; and Munchener Beer. But chief of all the pay—the gin and bitters from home. It was enough.

Well, almost enough. For as yet the young man had no housekeeper. Now, in this sense the word housekeeper is perhaps a euphemism. To be sure, there were fresh white suits to be laid out daily, the pet hornbill to be fed, the master's brow to be smoothed after the heat of the day and those incessant small services a young bachelor requires in the tropic night. Well, you know, a housekeeper.

Every man had one. Javanese women, an occasional Japanese. But never the proud Malayan. Never.

So. In the hour of daylight before the sun fell with equatorial immediacy quite out of sight at the instant of six P. M., Arpon the huntsman, scenting which way the wind blew, would squat by one of the house poles and lazily chewing a bamboo shoot, discourse upon the sad fate that made the highly superior Achinese women inaccessible. Now just take those babies, he would say in effect. Such muscles! and the legs, how straight. And breasts . . . ho hum! There was a good deal he knew about these people of the forbidden land; how coming from Arabia in the 7th century they had defended their faith and their mountain passes against eleven centuries of siege; how the orang tunong, the mountain tribes, were fierce and fine-limbed and courageous; how they had been ruled for a century and more by a matriarchy—four strong and beautiful queens; and how the women, even to this day, were slender and proud, with skin like polished acorns and of a rumored versatility.

The daily routine was animated now by an idea, as yet vague and preposterous, but truly Vinkian. There was much to do during the growing season, however. All day he rode his stout native pony, watching the silky leaf mature, keeping an eye on the caribou at the plows, learning to detect the precise moment when the wrapper of a Corona Corona can be taken out of the hands of God and entrusted to a Dutch merchant. In the afternoon he did his calisthenics, before the awed natives. He had set up his horizontal bar in the kampong in the jungle and as a climax to each day's exercising, he would do for his cheering audience the giant swing, forward and backward. For this they named him Tuan Lakas, the Quick Man, who can fly around a stick.

Then came the ration of pay and the German music box and Arpon with his eternal stories of the glory of the Malay women, so that the accessible Javanese housekeepers the young Hollander saw about him grew yellower and yellower and skinnier and skinnier in his sight. And the plaintive voice of his servant accentuated the loneliness of the lamplit house and rode like a galloping flame where the lush jungle night had insinuated itself into the glade.

When it was decided that Arpon should go to the nearest Achinese kampong, to cross that dread border secretly, and try to obtain from his master permission to visit the Chief and demonstrate his athletic prowess, that doughty Battak tribesman near died of fright. He really hadn't thought matters had come to this pass. He danced on the ground and howled a protest. Why, he didn't even want to go amongst his own people, whose country lay between Medan and Achin, inasmuch as the Battaks still retained a tendency to lick their chops over a well-fed fellowman. Arpon and his master, I suspect, were cut from one piece of cloth. At any rate, he went. And he carried with him two axes as a propitiary offering to the Achinese Chieftain. This seems downright plucky of Arpon since he had no way of knowing that his own arguments were not going to be used against him.

So in the space of a few months that damned Dutchman who had been sent into the mountains where

he couldn't get into trouble had set out secretly to enter a country that was strictly verboten by the Home Office and on a mission which the government would unlikely have deemed essential.

"The process of serving chicken," Mr. Vink writes of a meal they had en route, "is very simple. They kill a chicken: don't pick it but burn the feathers off over a small fire and rub it clean. They don't take the insides out, but roast it whole and when it is done, serve it on a piece of banana leaf. Well, I had never eaten chicken with that kind of stuffing and the best I could do was to take it in both hands and eat around it."

At a strongly built kampong, surrounded by a palisade, they were received courteously if somewhat solemnly by the old Chief. Arpon, who spoke the language, made a few remarks about the trip and after a reasonable time spent this way, Vink thought it time to break open a bottle of gin. Glasses were fetched and the gin and bitters mixed with ceremony, the Chief showing a lively interest. This, Arpon explained, is good medicine. Very fine medicine. The Chief nodded, smelt and bottomed-up. There was a moment of profound silence before the old man clutched his belly and yelled. In an instant, where had been before nary a sign of human hide or hair, five massive warriors with two-foot knives hovered unpleasantly. Charlie Vink felt the desirability of an Achinese housekeeper ebbing slowly out of his loins. But here is Arpon. Arpon the quick. Arpon, draining the bottle down his not unwilling throat and crying in his best Malayan, Mira, mira. Look, look. If the Chief dies we die, too. And handing the bottle to his master who, he rightly assumed, could use it.

The horizontal bar came next, all the young men gaped and excited about the yellow haired orang who flew around and around his stick. Then a little fancy target practice. And finally, as the jungle shadows lengthened across the kampong and the women with their bright blue serangs rolled tightly under their high breasts came slowly into the arena, the music box was disclosed and the Danubian waltzes made silence with these strange folk, and floated over the palisade to linger on after the tune had stopped in the heavy air of the sudden Sumatran night.

It should be remembered that no Achinese woman had ever gone to live with a white man before. The old chief was sorrowful and for a long time after Vink had stated his request, it seemed certain that he had lost. At last, half fearful it might serve only as an insult, he took from his pocket a small sack and poured onto the table at which they sat sixty polished glittering Mexican dollars. The next morning the maiden Minjo was brought down to the river bank where they awaited her and he took her home and gave her a room of her own.

But even as they started, an episode that seemed to adumbrate her coming tragedy occurred. It had rained in the night and the river was swollen. For crossing, there was only the cable of vines—li-longs—which their coolies had made for them. You grasped this with both hands, threw one leg over it and thus made your way hand over hand across. Vink had gone first. When Minjo had reached the middle of the stream her leg slipped from the cable and she was left hanging with the whirling waters and treacherous rocks below. Risking the danger of the weight of two persons on the cable, Vink went out to her, grasped her hands in his,

took a coil of her hair between his teeth and managed to get her ashore. But she had swallowed much water. The natives hastily gathered up small objects and plaintively moaned incantations over her. Vink emptied the water out of her and gave her some gin. One or the other worked.

Minjo was paid ten dollars a month. She was given a flock of chickens of her own. She was happy and excited. Everything was strange and new. Mr. Vink writes: "After some time as we got along very well and as nobody is a saint anyway our relations became more intimate." Now, in the evening, when the lamp was lighted, the proud lady of lineage and her gentleman of family sat down in fresh linen to their rice and curry and champagne. The flying foxes, peering with their odd little faces for the dark to grow, unfolded their parachutes and made soft whirring descents and the great black bats circled the kampong. In his box the pet night-monkey took his hands down from his face and made them sport. Now and then the ponies would snort, smelling the rimau about, the prowling Bengal tiger. And when the moon was high and the jungle a garden of delight, they would put on their company clothes and go calling on friends in the English dogcart through the white night.

It was thus on a night of silver moon, when Minjo was in the eighth month of her blessedness, that they were returning from one of these sallies when their pony stopped short on the trail and a few feet ahead of them, fascinated by the light from their lanterns, stood the low, poised body of the great striped cat. For a second the little horse, in extremis with fright, stood atremble in his tracks. The tiger moved. Then the pony bolted, spilling the cart, scaring away the beast, breaking the lanterns and one wheel. When it was over little Minjo lay plaining in the ditch.

The baby died. And the happiness of that house went skulking with the tiger into the penetrate forest. One day not long after, Minjo came humbly to her master. I have been happy here and I have liked you very much. But now I have been given a sign. With my people it is a judgment that the rimau visits on our wrongs. Now I must leave you, to return to my people in sorrow. I have been given a sign.

So word was sent back to Achin and her people came to fetch her. It was a day of grieving. Tuan Lakas, who cherished her, gave her money that she might be the richest woman of her tribe; gave her beautiful stuffs and jewelry that she might be the finest; gave her useful things after the manner of the canny Dutch. But he could not go into the forest, lay open the tiger and take their happiness again out of his entrails. So of an early morning when the earth steam still hovered low and the tip of Mt. Bandahara hung out a plume of volcanic fire to welcome her home and the two-horned rhino went squealing his mating cry through the tangled glaga grass, the jungle laid its carpet for her passing and silently and sorrowfully she was gathered back to her people.

—LYNDA SARGENT

Judge A. C. Jochmus, of Pacific Grove, will address the Monterey Peninsula Stamp Club on the subject of "Hobbies" at the next regular meeting of the Club, May 25, at 7:30 p.m. at the new Pacific Grove Chamber of Commerce building.

Cymbal Classified Ad Pay—

NATURE STUDY SESSION AT ASILOMAR SCHEDULED

A few years ago the West Coast School of Nature Study held a summer session on the Monterey Peninsula and this will be repeated at Asilomar July 5 to 10. Congenial people and outstandingly capable instructors make these sessions interesting. The tuition rate is \$12 for each six-day session.

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"The wittles is up!"



I've just been carried back to ole Virginny—back to the ante bellum days of plantations and slaves—via a little cookbook Beth Sullivan lent me the other day. It's hard to realize as I look at the yellowing pages, on which the printed words are still so beautifully clear and readable, that one hundred and seven years ago some young bride anxiously puzzled over these very same pages for help in the complicated business of housekeeping!

The author of "The Virginia Housewife: or, Methodical Cook," Mrs. M. Randolph, knew what she was talking about. She had had her own difficulties when beginning her "duties of a housekeeping life," for want of books which the inexperienced housewife could understand. Therefore, she studied the subject of cookery and reduced everything to "proper weights and measures" for, as she sagely comments, it's less work and more economical to have "the article made . . . always equally good." With some of her recipes calling for "a large spoonful of butter" or "two or three eggs" you might wonder whether Mrs. Randolph weren't a bit optimistic!

If you were one of those young brides for whom Mrs. Randolph wrote her excellent treatise on cooking so long ago, you ran a household where the work was done by slaves or servants, or both. You either raised your own meat and therefore required a deal of detailed instructions on how to prepare it for the kitchen, or you were obliged to resort to "butcher's meat." And when you had roast meat you didn't put it into any oven. "No meat," says Mrs. Randolph sternly, "can be well roasted except on a spit turned by a jack, and before a steady clear fire—other methods are no better than baking." And if you kind of wondered how about gravy Mrs. Randolph doesn't give you very much help. She says, a bit loftily: "For those who must have gravy for these meats, let it be made in any way they like, and served in a boat." How's that again, Mrs. Randolph?

Living and keeping house in those days you needed directions for such little household chores as dressing turtles, curing beef, making "hunter's beef," curing bacon, making souse, corning shote, making sausages, curing herrings, etc. Under "To Barbecue Shote" is the only footnote in the entire book. Judge of its importance for yourself: "Shote being a Provincial term, and not a legitimate English word, Mrs. R. has taken the liberty of spelling it in a way that conveys the sound of the pronunciation more clearly than shote, the usual manner of spelling it." Perfectly clear, eh?

It requires two solid pages of instructions before you have properly "dressed" a turtle, all of it highly entertaining reading. By the time you have finished studying the processes involved you lose interest in fancy cooking and think maybe you'd just as soon slap a few slices of salmon into a frying pan and let it go at that! The youngest constant eater in the family read the entire essay on turtle dressing aloud with great unction and was particularly charmed by Mrs. Randolph's minute instructions of how to treat

the "guts." I wish I had space to copy it all here! And I wish I knew where "Beef a-la-Daub" got its name. It apparently isn't prepared at all like "Fish a-la-Daub," so you get no help there.

After the sections devoted to meats, fish and vegetables comes the dessert department. Here you have some enticing dishes—"To Make Jelly from Feet," Flummery, sippet pudding, A Nice Boiled Pudding, An Excellent and Cheap Dessert Dish, and many others. As for gingerbread, there are three varieties—plain, plebeian and sugar—with doughnuts carefully labeled "A Yankee Cake." At first thought I was inclined to applaud Mrs. Randolph's broadmindedness for including even one Yankee recipe in her Virginia cookbook, and then I remembered this was 1831, quite a bit before the North and South had their little difference of opinion.

Then there's syllabub! In all the old fiction syllabub seemed to stand for some kind of particularly elegant company dessert. I used to be impressed by the word but now, having studied Mrs. Randolph's recipe, I've lost any illusions I ever had and I shall never feel quite the same about this mysterious culinary luxury. She says (and I've copied the recipe verbatim from beginning to end): "Season the milk with sugar and white wine, but not enough to curdle it; fill the glasses nearly full, and crown them with whipt cream seasoned." What about accurate measures, Mrs. Randolph? That's all there is to it, there isn't any more. Suppose you try making syllabub, while I experiment with the recipe which tells how "To Make a Hen's Nest." There seems to be a little more to it and Mrs. Randolph says it is "a beautiful dish for a dessert or supper." (Italics mine in this case.) Speaking of adjectives, one that was an apparently approved as well as hard-worked part of the vocabulary of the well brought up Virginia lady of the 1830's is that little word "nice." Mrs. Randolph offers "Nice Buns," "To Make Nice Biscuit," "A Nice Twelve O'clock Luncheon," "Calf's Heart, a Nice Dish" and "A Nice Little Dish of Beef." She takes it for granted that if you are the right sort you know just what that little four-letter word implies; for instance, if you want to make "Pheasants a-la-Daub" you "roast two pheasants in the nicest manner . . ." and proceed from there!

With my usual interest in anything chocolate I stopped in turning the pages at a recipe entitled "Chocolate Cakes," the first of its kind in Mrs. Randolph's comprehensive book. It calls for "nice brown sugar" and other ingredients presumably nice, but—no chocolate! And then I discovered my error. The recipe ends ". . . and serve them to eat with chocolate." I was pretty disappointed until it occurred to me that after all I have more chocolate cake recipes than I can use and I don't need one that's a hundred and seven years old.

After even a cursory perusal of "The Virginia Housewife" you certainly get the idea that life was not all moonlight and roses and chivalrous Southern gentlemen in the 1830's. Maybe it was all of that while you were still a carefree belle,

but once you had danced your way into matrimony, then it was a different story. Then it was up to you to realize that your whole duty in life centered in catering to the comfort of your lord and master. Mrs. Randolph was the lady who had learned her lesson and out of the depths of her wisdom and experience she passes on in the preface this illuminating bit of advice:

"The prosperity and happiness of a family depend greatly on the order and regularity established in it. The husband, who can ask a friend to partake of his dinner in full confidence of finding his wife unruffled by the petty vexations attendant on the neglect of household duties—who can usher his guest into the dining-room assured of seeing that methodical nicety which is the essence of true elegance,—will feel pride and exultation in the possession of a companion, who gives to his home charms that gratify every wish of his soul, and render the haunts of dissipation hateful to him."

There were curtains of thin fish-net at the windows and through them we could watch the circling and swooping of the sea gulls, the clumsy flapping of the comical pelicans, the dignified movements of the somber-clad cormorants, so different but all so intent on the same eager search for food. The curtains were both practical and atmospherically appropriate. They let in all the light and all the view. And that is part of what you go to Victor's on Fisherman's Wharf to enjoy. The other part, of course, is the delicious fish luncheon or dinner. The soft-voiced young waiter with the nice smile and white teeth explained that the curtains are really authentic fish net—"gill net," he said. Small fish swim into it before they notice it, get their gills through the meshes and then are unable to back out to freedom again. I wonder how often the patient young man has to tell curious diners about the fish-net curtains. I hope he doesn't get too tired of doing it because his charming politeness adds distinctly to the pleasure of your meal at Victor's. We had crab cocktail, a thick slice of fried salmon, a crisp salad, French fried potatoes, bread very soft and fresh inside and very crusty outside, coffee and dessert—all for four bits! Everything is excellently cooked and the place is immaculately clean. For 65 cents you can get a more elaborate meal. The fresh salmon can't possibly be any better, though, no matter how many courses go with it.

My Private Reporter in the northeast corner of Massachusetts writes me that I had better correct an error in my strawberry story. Their boxes are not quart size exactly. They're smaller but not very much. I maintain, however, that the story remains essentially true—ripe strawberries in the dead of winter. And now I hear that fresh peas, with which we used to celebrate Fourth of July after we had set off all the firecrackers, are also in the markets all winter. Well, nothing to do but resign one's self to another *O tempora O mores*, I guess!

—CONSTANT EATER

VALONA BREWER, VIOLINIST, TO ADDRESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Valona Brewer, Carmel violinist, will be the speaker at the current events section of the Carmel Woman's Club Wednesday, March 23, at 10:30 a.m. at Pine Inn. Her topic will be "A Survey of the Musical World." Miss Brewer has played in the Bach Festivals here. Mrs. Willis G. White, chairman of the section, will give a talk on the European crisis.

Parents Enroll Children in Nursery

Eleven children are enrolled in the Peninsula Mothers' Association Nursery School and eleven children are being well taken care of, carefully trained and having a fine time for themselves in their new school. Well-balanced programs have been made out which include rest periods, play periods, drawing, rhythmic exercises, clay modelling, singing, inspection by the school nurse and orange juice in mid-morning.

There are gay lockers for the children done in reds, blues and greens. There are gates to keep them from falling downstairs, and everything is cheerful and safe and sunny looking. But there is still a great need for more equipment and any donations will be welcome. They especially want small chairs and toys.

Baron and Baroness Francis de Dajkovich, from Hollywood, stopped in Carmel this week as guests of La Playa Hotel. The Baroness is better known as Francisca Gaal, who made such a hit as the leading lady of Fredric March in "The Buccaneer."

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Really, if you want to own your own home, and despite what everybody tries to tell you about taxes and insurance and upkeep and everything, it's much cheaper in the long run, to say nothing of the satisfaction it gives you in life, you should knuckle down to a deep consideration of this new Federal Housing proposition.

It means that today you can finance the cost of a home at the lowest cost in the history of financing homes. This is true both as to interest rate and the elimination of refinancing charges during the life of your loan.

And, too, building costs at present are favorable. At the same time, there are indications that many items among building materials

will advance when the summer rush is on. Also, now is a favorable time to get better mechanics and, therefore, a better class of workmanship.

Have you stopped to think what refinements of living, actual comfort, gadgets that render existence between four walls happier, are at your disposal today? And you get more of these per dollar today than has ever been your chance in the past.

Some of you are taking advantage of this FHA opportunity, because the records show that applications for FHA loans are being sent in daily from Carmel, thus assuring an active building program to begin immediately.

MONTEREY BAY NEWSPAPER GUILD ORGANIZED

The Monterey Bay Area of the Northern American Newspaper Guild was formed at a meeting in Watsonville recently, and now numbers a score of members.

Sutton Christian, formerly of Pacific Grove, and now of Santa Cruz, is president; Ralph Salazar, of Watsonville, vice-president; Ruth Miller, Santa Cruz, secretary, and Francis L. Lloyd, Watsonville (also Carmel), treasurer.

The local includes Santa Cruz, Watsonville, Salinas and Monterey. Members at present are only active employees of daily newspapers, but employees of weeklies may be eligible later.

A meeting was held in Salinas last Sunday.

CARMEL NOT CALLED ON FOR SOUTHERN FLOOD AID

Reports from the flooded areas of Southern and Central California were received by C. W. Lee, chairman of Carmel Red Cross, yesterday. Both districts feel that all necessary funds for rehabilitation can be raised within their own cities and towns.

A few contributions for flood relief have been received and forwarded by Carmel chapter but no general appeal will be made for funds.

Monday, Charles L. Berkey, treasurer, forwarded contributions for Chinese Relief to San Francisco headquarters. This sum to date amounts to \$113.50. U.S. Consular representatives in China look to the proper distribution of funds.

Prizes For Kite Winners Named

Prizes for winners in the annual Kite Festival tomorrow on Hatton Fields have been announced by Ernest R. Calley. Several of them appear fantastic, but we imagine Calley knows what he's doing in his choice of the tangible emoluments he is distributing. For instance, the first prize in the kindergarten-to-2nd grade class is a pair of pliers. After that the second prize in this class is a ball, third, two balls of string, and fourth, one ball of string.

In the third to fifth grade class: First, block plane; second, book; third, pliers; fourth, knife.

Sixth to Eighth grade class: First, brace and three bits (not money); second, book; third, magnet hammer; fourth, knife.

Prettiest kite, girls: First, book; second, wood pin order or equivalent; third, pencil set; fourth, rolls of cellophane.

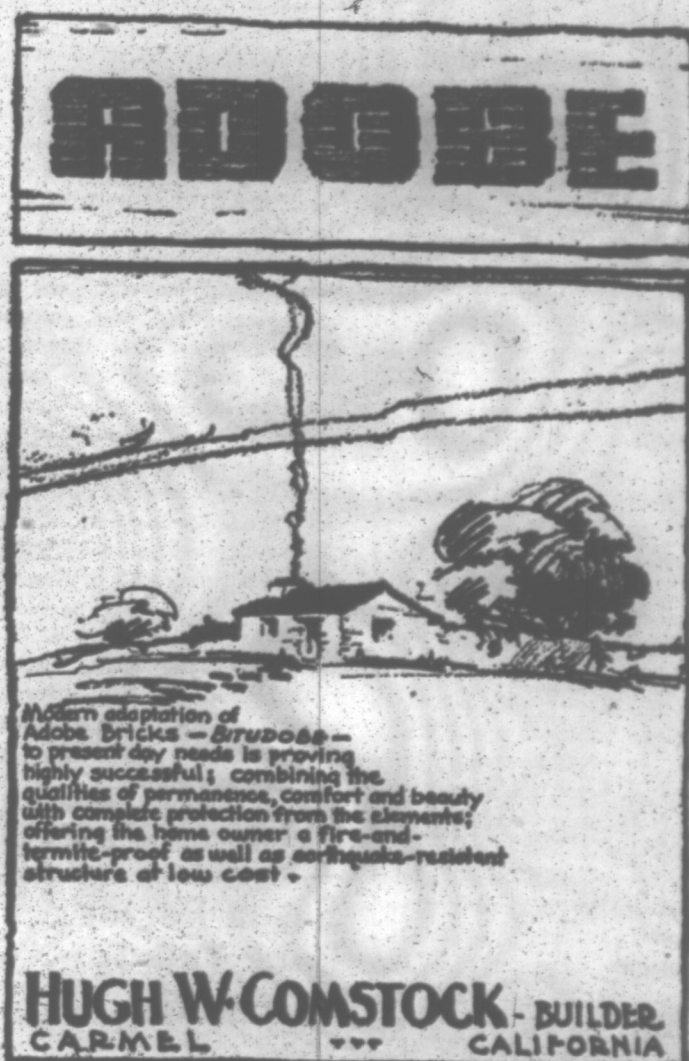
Oddest kite, boys: First, block plane; second, plane kit; third, small plane kit; fourth, knife.

Highest flying kite, all grades: First, set of two chisels; second, plane kit; third, magnet hammer; fourth, knife.

The public, of course, is invited to attend the festival and view a spectacle which, in recent years, has come to be one of the most interesting and colorful in the round of

events in the Carmel year. It was started by the Rev. Willis G. White, now retired from the ministry.

The Cymbal has more readers per copy than the New York Times; three-fourths as many as The New Yorker.



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5000	4500	26.33	.95	7.78	35.06
5500	4900	28.67	1.03	8.47	38.17
6000	5400	31.59	1.13	9.34	42.06

For further information, consult any approved bank, realtor, materials dealer, contractor, or write:

Peninsula F. H. A. Committee

Box 305, Monterey, California

Just Look What S.P. Does in Food Line

We get a nice little note from the Southern Pacific News Bureau and we're quite pleased about it. It has a neat headline announcing "Shopping List for 5,000,000 Meals Revealed." Sounds like one of those trick titles, "50,000,000 Guinea Pigs," or "6,000 Years in Sing Sing."

It begins by quoting H. A. Butler, manager of the dining car service on Southern Pacific's Pacific lines, as revealing "a food shopping list that would make the average housewife just a bit dizzy." We're ready to admit that there is a considerable revelation.

Then Butler goes on to say that the railroad ranks not only as the leading transportation agency for western farm products, but also as one of the western farmer's best customers.

The information goes on to give details and figures that would confound one of Wurzburg's very niftiest adding machines. Let's quote verbatim and see what Fritz can make out of it:

"Of more than 2,008,000 pounds of meat and fish consumed, demand ran heaviest to beef, of which 716,338 pounds were served. Lamb came second on the list with a total of 315,577 pounds. Other items were 243,575 pounds of fish, 222,616 pounds of ham, 222,145 pounds of poultry, 126,323 pounds of pork, 100,310 pounds of veal and 61,301 pounds of bacon.

"Into salads went 180,000 heads of lettuce along with approximately 180,000 pounds of tomatoes.

"Other materials reported include 248,348 pounds of butter, 60,489 gallons of cream, 196,630 dozen eggs, 156,274 gallons of milk, 23,510 boxes of apples, grapefruit, lemons and oranges, 863,017 pounds of potatoes, 199,143 pounds of coffee, 49,065 gallons of ice cream and 212,830 pounds of shortening."

LEO LYONS, BEAU BRUMMEL, OFF FEET FOR SOME WHILE

"Hello, Bill" on our telephone. It was Leo Lyons, the beau brummel manager of the Carmel Theatre, flat on his back in the Monterey Hospital because the God of Chance, otherwise known as Ten-Win, dropped on his left foot behind the scenes at the theater last Wednesday night.

The audience heard the crash and was apprehensive, but appeared Lyons, limping a bit, but dispelling fears that he was completely incapacitated by a bomb or something. The thing isn't a bit funny, however, as the bone in his foot had been crushed and he should not have gotten up on it. That's what the doctor over at the hospital tells him and the doc further deposes and says that it will be another two months before he can put a shoe on that foot.

In the meantime John Wyatt, on the Monterey Theatre Company staff, is sitting in as local head man.

LILTS FROM LILICO

A young woman went into the Las Tiendas market in Monterey Saturday and asked the butcher for some spareribs. Then she questioned him as to why they were called "spare ribs." The butcher said that the animal really didn't need them so the woman bought two pounds. When one thinks of all the ribs, rumps, legs, brains, and composing territories of carcasses waiting under the glass counter of butcher shops for sale, one can't help but wonder what it would be like to be an animal with delicious meat adorning its frame. Imagine asking the butcher for a pound of Jones' Chops, two pounds of Irwin's Spare Ribs or a half-pound of Ramsey's Rump?

The other afternoon on Alvarado street, a well-dressed business man hurried by a lazy cat whose tail swished along the side of the buildings as it purred along. The man saw the animal, raised his hat, and said aloud, "Good afternoon, Cat."

Susan Porter's Book Talk Is Fascinating

Perhaps it was because the subject was so interesting or perhaps it was because Susan Porter was so interested in her subject, but whatever it was, the members of the Carmel Woman's Club book section were held in a sort of hypnotized state at the meeting Wednesday morning.

Although Mrs. Porter talked principally about the second cycle of Irish mythology, she first outlined the three cycles, telling a little about each. The first is the cycle of Invasions which includes the coming and going of the Gods, and overlapped the second cycle, the Red Branch. This cycle was dominated by the Ulster band which was an organization of the best men in the country and corresponded to King Arthur's Round Table. The third cycle was the Fianna.

Mrs. Porter told her audience that St. Patrick was the first person who started setting down the tales, which had formerly been living tales told by the bards and handed down from generation to generation. She told the story of the curse of Ulster, the grimmest of the stories she tells; the story of Deirdre and many other stories. If you've never heard Mrs. Porter tell one of her stories you have no idea what a wonderful raconteur she is. She also told the story and read pas-

"Garbage" is supposed to be one of the most beautiful words in the English language. "Swank" is one of the ugliest. It would sound much truer to form to say that you are having a group of "garbage people" to dinner. Then put the "swank" in the "Swank Can" and call the "Swank man" to come and call for it.

+

The cows and horses in the fields,
Are being rained upon,
And we the people wade in the streets,
Oh Spring, Oh Spring, please come.

The men do smoke, the women knit,
The fire place fires do smoke,
Before them we do sit and sit,
To wait for Spring, and mope.

The grass gets greener day by day,
And so do we the people,
But time goes on and it still rains,
And hope for Spring grows feeble.

—ADRIENNE LILICO

sages from "Tain Bo Cualnge," an ancient Irish tale, which means the "Tale of the Bull." It was a thoroughly enjoyable morning, no, it was much more than that.

+++

HOPPS OFFERS BIKES AGAIN AT LA PLAYA HOTEL

The season for pedalling around time has been officially opened by George Hopps of La Playa Hotel. George has taken the bit in his teeth, or crossed the Rubicon, or flung the dice or something, and decided that there is to be no more rain and that bicycling can be safely and dryly indulged in. Therefore has he installed his batch of bikes at the hotel for rental purposes. George makes it cheap to pedal and the gods who created this part of the Peninsula make it delightful.

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THE GREAT

ANNA NEAGLE

Anton Walbrook • H. B. Warner

ONE WEEK STARTING APRIL 1

Lenten Service Is Planned by Choral Group

The choral group, known as the Cathedral Singers, will present a Lenten service Wednesday evening, March 23, as the guests of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea in Pacific Grove. The Rev. Charles R. Greenleaf, rector, will read the office of evening prayer and the music will fill that part of the service usually allotted to the sermon. The Singers are organized for the study and presentation of the finest church music of all schools. Their repertoire now includes works by Bach, Mendelssohn, Stainer, Mozart, the modern Healey Willan and numbers of many lesser composers.

The Lenten program features *Here Yet Awhile* (Bach), *Gallia* (Gounod), and *Before the Ending of the Day* (Willan). Solos will be sung by Mrs. Kalmen Sapero, Mrs. Paul Hicks and the Rev. Homer S. Bodley. Edward C. Hopkins, director, will be at the organ.

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Mrs. Clark Bruce is at the Peninsula Community Hospital recovering from a major operation. Jinny, whose husband is a right hand man in the mechanical department of the Carmel Press and Cymbal, is a great help to the high average

of Carmel in feminine pulchritude and it is particularly fitting that she will come back to Ocean avenue with the Spring.

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Bare Will Start Movie April 1

Richard Bare, manager of the Filmarte Theatre, announced today opening of his 1938 film season with "Victoria the Great." It opens at the Filmarte Friday, April 1, to play one full week.

Each year the International Film Exposition at Venice selects that motion picture which purports to be the finest made by any nation. This year "Victoria" received the Cup of All Nations, the honor bestowed upon the year's best picture.

Last year the film which won the coveted prize was another exclusive Filmarte attraction "Fire Over England," which Carmel will remember as a picture of unusual merit and appeal.

In the role of *Queen Victoria* is the brilliant actress, Anna Neagle. Anton Walbrook supports her as Prince Albert, and H. B. Warner portrays Lord Melbourne, prime minister of England.

The picture, which commemorates the one hundredth anniversary of Victoria's ascension to the throne, has a coronation sequence in it which parallels the spectacular crowning of George VI early in this year, as pictured by the newsreels. The final scenes, in technicolor, include the gorgeously enacted Diamond Jubilee, the lavish spectacle of brilliant uniforms, marching soldiery, splendidly clad potentates from beyond the Seven Seas, gathered to do homage to their lovely Empress of India. A sight once seen, never to be forgotten, and pronounced correct in every detail by the British Government, whose censor passed the picture without the elimination of a single inch of film.

The usual Filmarte film prices will prevail, and showings will be twice nightly at 7 and 9. Matinee Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30.

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Mrs. Paul Eliel Gives Women Voters High Lights of Recent Legislature

In a talk that made the recent special session of the California legislature sound like a dress rehearsal of a piece by George Kaufmann and Cole Porter, Mrs. Paul Eliel outlined for the League of Women Voters and their guests at Pine Inn Tuesday the high lights of that performance.

The governor, it seems, made an informal call for attendance and then sprang 36 hitherto unsuspected issues on the unsuspecting senate and assembly, bringing down a strike of the entire legislative body on his head. As a consequence, old guard floor leaders for the executive refused to introduce bills, saying they would take nothing that came from the "corner office"—the governor's. It was necessary for the League representatives, lobbying for the passage of a bill to consolidate all state social welfare organizations, and to set up personnel standards for such agencies, to insist that this particular bill did not originate in the "corner office" before a hearing could be got on it.

The League bill, demanding consolidation of all State welfare agencies was defeated. Inasmuch as the Federal government has demanded that personnel standards shall be set up in the counties as a condition on the state's receiving its allotted \$12,000,000 relief funds for the aged, blind, and orphan children, the conclusive defeat of the measure came as something of a surprise. If the Federal government makes good its threat and withholds the \$12,000,000, a public hearing on the issue must be held, which Mrs. Eliel feels will be an exceedingly interesting session.

The government's reasons for making requisite a set of personnel standards for its workers is the logical one that if so much money is to be spent, some check should certainly be made on the efficiency and honesty with which it is handled. Reason for non-passage of the measure is the practical certainty of the Democrats of the approaching gubernatorial victory and the wish to go into office without their hands tied, even at the cost of forfeiting the money. Much, indeed, of the practically farcical character of the session was due to its being election year.

By way of encouragement, the organizations behind the consolidation bill were able to get an amendment to it passed, this clause providing that the legislature shall have the power to determine what shall happen to unemployment relief. This will appear on the November ballot.

Other of the governor's bills passed both houses successfully. Asking for an additional \$3,000,000 for unemployment relief due to the recession, he was voted \$4,500,000. In an investigation by Bay Bridge Engineer Purcell of the cost of flood relief to the State, it was estimated that such cost would be as high as \$53,000,000. In spite of this terrific expenditure, a large part of which the state will have to bear, the deficit which faced Mr. Merriam when he took office will have been made up by 1939 to the tune of a \$10,000,000 surplus—all from the sales tax. Monies were appropriated for flood relief.

In conclusion, and returning to the Civil Service, the personnel board and the welfare organizations, Mrs. Eliel said the whole thing had been bungled, terribly at times, but much good has already been done—salaries standardized and examinations revised—and on the whole the mechanism already in place is doing some good work. It

is now necessary, she says, to educate the appointing powers, the few who have the last word about appointments after examinations have been passed and a choice of candidates ready. Here, at the top, is sabotage, political pressure, human weakness. It is now among these men and women who have the final word about appointments that weeding and cultivating must be done.

It isn't, after all, so much what the precise requirements of any given job are, as it is the quality of performance that goes into doing the job. In a form of government which, by its nature, must be bungling, experimental—as democracies must—it is most important to ask ourselves first: What, on the whole, is it that the American people want their government to be? If, in making an honest and thoughtful review of this vital question, we can then make our standards of performance to fit that pattern the exact procedures will follow of their own weight.

An important board meeting of the Monterey County League of Women Voters will be held at Mission Inn, Monterey, at 10 a.m. Tuesday, March 22. At this meeting Mrs. Carl Voss will present the National Proposed Program of Work.

Another of the popular and profitable general meetings of the League will take place Wednesday, March 23, at 2 p.m. at the home of Mrs. Lee O. Kellogg, Eleventh and Scenic, Carmel. All members are urged to attend as the usual discussions and reports by group chairmen of what is going on in the League will occupy the afternoon.

ROSIE NOW HAS DRINKING PAN FOR DOGS AT HIS STANDARD STATION

Dog tourists have now come under the polite and serviceable consideration of the Standard Oil Company. Rosie proudly displayed to us this week a drinking pan for dogs, attached to one of the automobile water contrivances. "You see," says Rosie, "When somebody comes in with a dog in the car and the dog wants a drink, we've generally had to rake up a pan that most always has had oil in it. It doesn't make any difference whether it's cheap western oil or our best Pennsylvania, the dogs don't like it. I don't like to drink oil, myself. In fact, I don't like to drink anything but water. In that way, I'm like a dog, doggone it." We got Rosie's point, and we particularly liked his truth and candor.



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Badminton Match Gets Under Way

The badminton tournament is under way at the Mission Ranch Club and non-members are permitted to go and watch the players if they wish. The list of entrants is as follows: Ivy Van Cott, Mrs. Norma Work, Ruth Perry Burrows, Mrs. Kay Brownell, Mrs. Ruth Burrows, Mrs. Horace Dormody, Mrs. Paul Whitman, Mrs. George Hopps, Mrs. Carl Moll, Miss Marguerite Moll, Mrs. Seely-Smith, Mrs. Herman Crossman, Betty Work, Patricia Condon, Libby Ley, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. H. Dekker, Mrs. Charles Van Riper, Betty Carr, Tom Work, George Hopps, Joe Staniford, Homer Levinson, Howard Levinson, George Wishart, Jim Thoburn, Jr., Jim Welsh, W. K. Nicolaus, H. Dekker, Herman Crossman and Carl Burrows.

The games will be made up as follows: Men's singles, men's doubles, women's singles, women's doubles, mixed singles and mixed doubles. The committee of arrangements are Mrs. Carl Burrows, George Hopps, Miss Marguerite Moll, Betty Carr, Ivy Van Cott and Mrs. Seely-Smith. Referees are being arranged and the scorekeeper is Mrs. De Witt Blamer.

The final play-off will be in the evening (date to be announced later) and there will be a small fee charged for the gallery.

+ + +

The Carmel Missionary Society will meet Tuesday afternoon at All Saints' Parish House at 2:30 o'clock to hear a talk by Miss Eva Peck on "The Secret of Islam." There will also be readings from the Koran to be followed by tea.

CARMEL HOUSE PICTURED IN STATE MAGAZINE

Pictures of "A House for Miss Marion Clark at Carmel-by-the-Sea" appear in the current issue of *California Arts and Architecture*, now on the reading tables of the public library. This is the low, white-roofed house at The Point near where the river has been making such a to-do about getting into the ocean. The illustrations include both exterior and interior scenes and show not only the modern design of the house but also give an idea of the beautiful views of rocks and surf and hills and valley to be had from the wide living room windows. The architect is Harwell Hamilton Harris of Los Angeles.

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SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

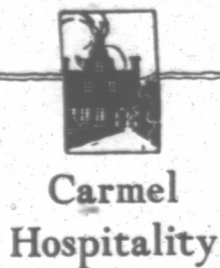
Sunset School will close this year for the summer vacation on Friday, June 10. The Easter vacation this year will be the week of April 11.

This morning at 9:30 o'clock Dr. R. M. Fortier will be at Sunset School to give diphtheria immunization and vaccination against smallpox. The following conditions are to be observed: No child over eight years will be given diphtheria toxoid. The three doses of toxoid will be given two weeks apart. Pre-school children are especially invited for both diphtheria immunization and vaccination. No fee will be charged in any case. Only children with signed permits will be given treatments, and the dates are as follows: First dose of toxoid, today at 9:30 a.m.; Second dose, April 1, at 9:30 a.m.; Third dose, April 18, at 9:30 a.m. The vaccination for smallpox is for all ages. Parents are urged to be present.

Motion pictures on conservation and safety were presented to the students of Sunset Monday morning by O. L. Eckman, county director of visual education.

BOYS' CRUISE IS HALTED BY ENGINE TROUBLE ON SHIP

Johnny Clague, Billy Chapman and Kent Clark, Jr., are back in San Diego on their training ship California State, the craft having developed engine trouble at Mazatlan. The cruise was to take the boys out over the Pacific to Hawaii, and may yet do so, but at the present they are standing by at San Diego while engine surgeons operate.



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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Today the average American feels something like "Mayor Parker" in the radio sketch "The In-Laws." Remember, if you listened, how Parker got kicked out of office because the oil well he backed with the townspeople's money failed, and how he felt? That is how we feel today as we contemplate Germany and Italy and Japan.

We want to say in that swallowing tone so familiar to "In-Laws" listeners, "Omigod!"

We can thank our stars, however, that it is not Napoleon but a two-headed monster that rides Europe bareback, Hitler and Mussolini. Those are two strong personalities that may agree on a political point of view but not agree to agree for long. Each is too powerful, dynamic, and an individual. They are bound to disagree.

And that little ogre Japan! What a pain in the neck! Every nation that borders on the Pacific is pussyfooting this very moment on some question affecting its relations with Japan.

At once we take Japan too seriously and yet not seriously enough. Or should it be the other way around?

While politicians, big and little, are making hay up and down the Pacific Coast out of flood control this wet winter and are advocating dams on rivers from the Pajaro to the Willamette, and on perhaps other streams northward and southward of those limits, a nice bunch of spring tornadoes has swept the Mississippi Valley.

But here, alas for the politicians, there can be poor pickings! Who ever heard of tornado control?

The time has come (the walrus said?) to do something for Carmel and not for the little traders who line Ocean avenue and gaze wistfully toward a vision of a roller coaster at the bottom of the street where Mayor Smith thinned out the cypresses so the tourists could get a glimpse of what Del Monte had for sale across the end of Carmel Bay.

We have Fred Bechdolt, Bert Heron and Gordy Campbell up for places on the city council in a three musketeers gesture. All three know Carmel as it was in its pastoral heyday. They also are aware of what constitutes good business in Carmel and what amounts to a lot of trashy business, such as Santa Cruz across the way caters to.

(I would suggest Carmel's city council take a trip to Santa Cruz each afternoon of a meeting night and spend as much time as possible on Pacific avenue and on the beach.)

The trio have been in and about the Forest Theater during various periods of its rise and fall. I think I have carried spears with, for or against all of them.

Heron has been in business on Ocean avenue and on Lincoln for many years. Bech has lived and shopped in Carmel through a long and successful writing career. Gordy knows Carmel from the time he was a tot on San Carlos and he intends to make this his home for a long time to come. He is an attorney, son of the former city attorney who served Carmel well and honestly.

These three represent the essential elements and the permanent elements. They represent not only the elements in Carmel, but the kind of elements which have made Carmel

from the beginning, and the ones which have preserved what is left of poor, bedraggled Carmel today.

They have no axe to grind, no fight except to see that Carmel is not utterly ruined, and they are trained to the job as well as any man who has not attended a school for city councilman can be, and perhaps a lot better.

We lack only such a candidate as former Mayor John Catlin. America could do well with more Catlins as mayors.

Walter Kelsey, who used to fiddle in the "Carmel Follies" and many other amateur entertainments in other years, has hit something big in the way of appointment as musical director for NBC in San Francisco.

He married Christine Otis summers ago, Probation Officer Ney Otis' daughter, who had a home in Carmel—also summers ago.

Writing of violins: Arthur Gunderson gathers publicity now and then in San Jose and other barbaric places, playing with the symphony. He, too, used to fiddle in local shows.

Yah! Mr. Bassett, I'm taking you up on that little note you wrote weeks ago about the cypresses being trimmed along Scenic Drive so people in trucks from Pajaro can come and picnic within sight of the sea.

Did you know I had a truck and lived in Pajaro? And that I sometimes come to picnic within sight of the sea?

And that, my dears, is how things in print make out! Sometimes they hit an unseen mark, like the Coast Artillery guns.

OUR BASEBALL SCORE WAS O.K. BUT WRONG TEAM WON

Suffering smoke! We got Nancy Lee wrong last week. We made an error in interpreting what she said, or she made an error in the saying of it. You remember, Nancy Lee told us, or so we conveyed to you, that Mrs. Frances Farley's baseball team had lost to Mrs. Ruth Perry's baseball team by the delightful little score of 17 to 5. It seems that that was an error; a slight error, but an error just the same. It seems that the score was 17 to 5, as we reported, or Nancy Lee reported to us, but we got the wrong team credited with the 17, and, as a natural consequence, the wrong team credited with the 5. Gail Roy Fraties, one of the big shots down at Sunset, dragged Nancy Lee, much protesting (and when Nancy Lee protests, she protests), into the CYMBAL office this last Tuesday and put her under oath. He was able to get from her a reluctant admission that it is possible that she might by chance have been confused in her facts. Anyway, Gail Roy Fraties informed us that the score was the other way round and, he further tells us, that Mrs. Farley's team, in which he appears to take considerable interest, again frustrated the hopes and desires of the bunch representing Mrs. Perry's room and, this last Monday, wallowed it to the less emphatic tune of 18 to 15. Gail Roy Fraties, the big shot, explains the narrow margin of score by saying that Mrs. Perry's team had got in a little practice on the sly.

Glen McEntire and his fiancée, Miss Ruby Loving, motored to the city, accompanied by the Misses Erma and Verna McEntire and Bill Bright. The day was spent visiting friends and relations.

LA COLLECTA CLUB HEARS IRISH JINGLES

La Collecta Club met at the home of Mrs. Floyd Harber Wednesday afternoon and enjoyed a varied program. Mrs. John Albee at the piano and Mrs. Harber with a violin played some Irish jingles. Various readings and current events discussions were given by different members. The guests were Mrs. Howard Timbers, Miss Anne Garrett, Mrs. Lorena Hixon, mother of Mrs. Homer S. Bodley, and Mrs. Irene La Pointe, from Eureka, who is visiting Mrs. Flo Holm. The next meeting of the Club will be April 6 at the home of Mrs. C. F. Haskell.

BOY SCOUT EXECUTIVE TO TALK HERE TODAY

Parents of Boy Scouts are urged to attend the monthly luncheon meeting today at noon at the Golden Bough room of the Blue Bird Tea Room. C. N. Miller, assistant national director of Boy Scouts of America, will be present. There has been some disappointment that more parents have not attended these meetings, so those who come today will be more than welcome.

MILLY BENNETT'S PRESENCE REMINDS ME OF—

Milly Bennett was in town this week—talked to an interested audience at the Greene Studio in the interests of funds for hospital work for the Spanish loyalist army in which her husband, Hans Amlie, is an officer, belonging to the Lincoln-Washington brigade of American soldiers.

It meant something more to me than war and hospitalization that Milly was in Carmel. One day back in 1920, or thereabouts, a telegram came to me in Honolulu. It read: "Say, I want job in Honolulu, you poor fish." It was from San Francisco and signed "Milly." Two weeks later one of the old Oceanic liners brought Milly into Honolulu harbor and to what apparently started her penchant for getting into every place where she hadn't been invited and wasn't wanted. The result has been that Associated Press dispatches from all parts of the world for the past 15 years have carried stories about Milly Bennett doing things that no nice little girl would ever think of doing. Milly has undoubtedly contributed to pages of history. She continues so to do. She is very much of an individual. —W. K. B.

FORUM OFFERS TALK ON EIRE ON THURSDAY, MARCH 31

The first woman to speak before the Carmel Forum will be Mrs. Hanna Sheehy Skeffington, one of the most colorful and distinguished women of Eire, who will talk on Thursday evening, March 31, at Sunset Auditorium. Her topic will be "Twilight in Europe," a timely discussion, from Belgium, France, England and Czechoslovakia to Spain and Soviet Russia.

New spring stock arrived yesterday for the Quality Grocery on Ocean avenue, near San Carlos. John Weigold, the proprietor, and his clerks were busy arranging the additional goods for display and particularly setting forth in plainer view the specials for this week-end. Weigold purchased the grocery two months ago and reports business as exceptionally good for the period.

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SPELLING

By OTTO W. BARDARSON

("Spelling" is the fourth in a series of articles by Otto W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School, on the principles and technique of the curriculum used at the school.—Ed.)

Spelling is closely allied to reading and is an aid in written work and in the building of a vocabulary. The beginner in reading is provided with a number of frequently used words and provision is made for continuous repetition. These simple, commonly used words form the basis for the spelling list. Dr. Ernest Horn states that ten words, I, the, and, to, you, or, a, be, in, and we make up 25 per cent of all the running words. There are 50 words which make up nearly 50 per cent of all running words.

The teachers should be familiar with recognized word lists and the studies of eminent authorities in spelling. There is such a variation in the content of various formal spellers that their real worth may be seriously questioned. It is my personal conviction that practically all spelling should be based on the needs of the children as evidenced in their class work and reading.

In the primary grades it has been customary for the majority of teachers to select words from the reading material. During the current year a spelling notebook has been prepared for the intermediate and upper grades to provide complete integration of spelling with class work. The teacher is requested to note misspelling of words most frequently used and basic to the child's written and spoken vocabulary and to add to this list words of permanent value. These words are to be written on the blackboard, pronounced by the teacher, and assigned to the class for study. There is an average allotment of 20 words each week. Words misspelled are entered in the pupil's review list and checked by tests.

The pupil is given the following general instructions: "The spelling words in this notebook are based on words frequently misspelled by members of your class. The Self-Check Spelling List is your own personal guide in learning how to spell new words or words that you have misspelled. Take pride in your spelling and penmanship and record your score on the graph. (A graph is provided so that the pupil may see at a glance how he stands in spelling.) The following directions will help you:

1. Look at the word. Note double and silent letters or any peculiarities.
2. Pronounce the word correctly with proper emphasis on each syllable.
3. Close your eyes and visualize the word. Whisper word to yourself, breaking it up into syllables.
4. Write the word without reference to book or blackboard. Then note if word is spelled correctly.
5. If you have misspelled the word, copy the correct spelling, trace the word carefully, and then follow the procedure mentioned in steps 1, 2, 3, and 4.
6. Words misspelled should be entered in Review list in back."

By pronouncing, reading, and writing the word, the child uses the visual, auditory, and kinaesthetic senses.

There is also place each week for five words on a pupil's self-check spelling list. The pupil is asked to read the following instructions: "Below are the words I wish to learn how to spell correctly. The list may include new words or words which I have misspelled during our Social Studies or other

school work. In learning to spell these words I will do the following: (1) find the word in the dictionary, (2) give a simple definition of the word, and (3) use the word in a sentence. These are words I would like to add to my vocabulary." This means that the pupil will cover a total of 25 words each week.

Good readers are generally satisfactory spellers, although there are many exceptions to this statement. The visual, auditory, and physiological disabilities, emotional immaturity, and mental retardation present obstacles in learning how to spell in the same manner that they handicap the child in learning how to read. The child seriously deficient in spelling accomplishment should be checked on these disability factors. The type of error made by the child should be noted so that the teacher will know where to place emphasis in remedial instruction. Gates lists the following as typical types of errors: additions, insertions, omissions, substitutions, transpositions, and phonetic errors. The English language itself presents many confusing difficulties because of the great variation in the combination and the sound of letters.

The spelling notebook now in use in Sunset School provides for the average child adequate techniques and systematic coverage of basic and functional words.

+ + + BILLY FRANCE TELLS TALL ONE, BUT HE CAN PROVE IT

Billy France has a screw driver that was thrown from the roof of the L. C. Smith Building (38 stories high) in Seattle to the pavement of the street and bounced up onto the roof of a nine-story building opposite. And the handle on which it landed doesn't show a dent.

That's Billy's story and, by all the gods, we've got to believe it.

We inveigled the story out of Billy this way, and you know how hard it is to get a salesman to tell you things about what he sells—just like coaxing a story out of a Hollywood press agent:

We noticed some screwdrivers on the counter at the tool and hardware store because their handles were transparent, sort of like amber-colored glass. We couldn't see any sense in a handle like that. Why should we risk getting glass splinters in our hand whenever we might have occasion to use a screwdriver, and a bit too forcibly?

"Yeah," says Billy, "Well, pick that up and bring it out here to the sidewalk and slam it down on the pavement."

And so we did, right in full view of Doris Cook from across the street, and the damned thing bounced so we caught it without bending over. And it had no mark on the handle, and Billy put it back in stock.

Barney Bracisco was in the other day and wanted a screw driver and Billy tried to sell him one of these after a similar demonstration. And Barney, the tight, bought a 20-cent one with a wooden handle that will split sometime and jab a four-inch splinter into his hand way up to the wrist.

+ + +
An informal gathering at Bill and Eleanor Irwin's Saturday night included Dorothy Comingore, Elizabeth Ullman, Margaret Lang, Adrienne Lillio, Frank Work, Bob Meltzer and Don Hodgson.

City Clerk Refuses To Provide Adams With a Job

(Continued from Page One)

doubled in population and that she has never had a vacation. There may be arguments against Saidee Van Brower as a city clerk, but she cannot be charged with lack of conscientious effort, of indefatigable work, or tireless, unselfish devotion to the city of Carmel. That the city clerk's office needs more than one person to attend to its affairs goes without saying. That a deputy must be acceptable to the elected city clerk equally so goes.

But Birney Adams, as building inspector in full-time pay, is drawing full-time money for doing hardly anything at all. He hasn't had enough to do in the past four months to keep himself warm. He is getting \$150 a month of the taxpayers' money and giving scarcely any return for it. It is true that Adams is not to blame for the fact that he has nothing to do, but the fact remains that he hasn't. The fact remains that he never should have been put on full time in a permanent job. But now he's in it, the council must find something for him to do. They want to make him ex-officio deputy city clerk; have decided to do so. But it can't make Saidee Van Brower take him, and there's the rub that will show up on the muslin this next Wednesday night.

THINGS TO COME +

PLAYS

The Carmel Players present "Topaze" Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, March 24, 25, 26 and 27 at the Filmarte Theatre. Tickets on sale at the door or call 403 for reservations.

MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Alice Faye, George Murphy and Ken Murray in "You're a Sweetheart" and William Hall and Jane Wyman in "The Spy Ring." Saturday, Grace Moore, Melvyn Douglas and Stuart Erwin in "I'll Take Romance" and Beverly Roberts and Dick Purcell in "Daredevil Drivers." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Dick Powell, Ted Healy and Rosemary Lane in "Hollywood Hotel." Wednesday, Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell in "Stand-In." Also 10-Win. Thursday and Friday, Myrna Loy, Franchot Tone and Rosalind Russell in "Man-Proof" and Nan Grey and Donald Woods in "The Black Doll."

CARMEL FORUM

Mrs. Hannah Sheehy Skeffington will speak Thursday, March 31, at 8 p.m. in Sunset Auditorium on "Twilight in Europe." No admission charge.

PISTOL CLUB

Carmel Pistol Club meets every second Tuesday in month in basement of P.G. & E. building on Dolores at 8:30 p.m.

DRAMA WORKSHOP

Sunday and Friday at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Acting expression and technique. Dan James in charge.

Monday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Shakespeare, streamlined and cut for production. Chick McCarthy in charge.

Tuesday night at 7:30 at Pine

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FOUR BEDROOM house. Two baths. Marine View. Very Reasonable. Phone Carmel 586.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

SMALL, attractive Studio apartment, reasonable rent. Inquire Box 175

FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

JOBS WANTED

PRACTICAL NURSE or housekeeper wants job in Carmel. Palo Alto references. Address Mrs. Grace Moore, 921 Scott Street, Palo Alto. (13)

Inn. Play writing and original manuscripts under Charlie Van Riper.

Wednesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Costume designing. Eleanor Irwin in charge. Lighting under Kay Knudsen and backstage construction under B. Franklin Dixon.

Thursday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Radio Workshop with John Eaton in charge.

Please use Monte Verde entrance to all Workshop meetings at Pine Inn.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

The Women's Chess Club meets Thursday evening at the same time and place. Both men and women are welcome.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitzi's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations. The play for this week is "The Witch's Enchantment."

White Caps On Radio Waves

KGO—Today from 12:45 to 1:30, Commonwealth Club. A lecture program of high standard by authoritative speakers.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning from 8 to 9 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

KGO—Tomorrow morning from 10:55 to 2 o'clock. Grand opera from the Metropolitan Opera House.

KPO—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8:30 o'clock. NBC Symphony Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini

KDON—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8:15. Symphony Orchestra.

KPO—Sunday morning from 9 to 9:30 o'clock. NBC Home Symphony.

KGO—Sunday morning from 9:45 to 10:30. Radio City Concert.

KPO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10 o'clock. University of Chicago Round Table. Interesting

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—SILVER WRIST WATCH. Small, with wrist chain of silver. Reward. Address Box L-21, Cymbal Office.

LOST—ZIPPER PURSE. Cross-stitched in diamond design, different colors. Small amount of change in it and a key. Tel. 702. (11)

WANTED

Miscellaneous
INVALID'S CHAIR wanted. Self-propelling. One you have stuck away because you have no further use for it. Call the Cymbal office if you have such a thing. (14)

MISCELLANEOUS

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LEGAL NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM TURNER, Deceased, No. 6227.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the Estate of William Turner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file their claims with the necessary vouchers within six months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey in the City of Salinas, County of Monterey, State of California, or to present said claims with the necessary vouchers within said six months to the said Administratrix at the office of Argyle Campbell and Shelburn Robison in the New Post Office Building, City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of William Turner, deceased. Dated February 24th 1938

EMMA TURNER OHM
Administratrix of the Estate of William Turner, Deceased.

ARGYLE CAMPBELL
SHELburn ROBISON
Attorneys for Administratrix
Date of first publication, Feb. 25, 1938.
Date of last publication, March 25, 1938.

discussion on timely topics.

KDON—Sunday morning from 10:30 to 11. Gotham String Quartet.

KGO—Sunday morning from 11 to 12 noon. Magic Key.

KSFO—Sunday from 12 noon to 2. New York Philharmonic. John Barbirolli conducting.

KHUB—Sunday afternoon from 2 to 3 o'clock. Symphony records.

KGO—Sunday afternoon from 2 to 2:30 o'clock. Metropolitan Opera auditions.

KPO—Sunday afternoon from 5 to 6. Edgar Bergen, etc.

KSFO—Monday afternoon from 12:15 to 12:30. Coolidge String Quartet. Beethoven Series.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 6 to 7 o'clock. Sunday Evening Hour.

KGO—Monday evening from 6 to 7 o'clock. Philadelphia Orchestra. Eugene Ormandy conducting

KSFO—Tuesday afternoon from 4:30 to 5. Actor's Guild program.

KFRC—Tuesday evening from 7:30 to 8. Symphonic Strings.

KDON—Wednesday evening from 9:15 to 9:45. Lial's Music Shop. Symphony records.

Big Card Party At Fire House Tomorrow

Firemen and their women are out with pasteboards which, if you acquire them by the exchange of 35 cents, will entitle you to entrance to the benefit card party the department is giving tomorrow night at 8 o'clock at the fire house.

The committee says it will be a grand party with swell prizes and things to eat. There will be a specially handsome door prize.

It seems that the social fund of the department has reached a new low and needs considerable boosting. Hence this party tomorrow night and hence, too, your required interest in it.

Hand any member of the fire department any sort of 35 cents and you can go in and win. Tomorrow night.

The department had a potluck supper affair a week ago Thursday at the firehouse and 36 sat down and were able to get up again. The department's Haywire Orchestra made phonograph recordings which should lay out listeners in the future. It doesn't seem fair that this sort of thing should be perpetuated. Anyway, Fred Mylar presided at the dinner.

+ + +

Maskewitz Again To Give Recital Over KDON

Those of you who were unlucky enough to miss Michel Maskewitz' recital over station KDON last evening will have the opportunity of hearing him play next week, Thursday, March 24, from 4:45 to 5 p.m.

Although Maskewitz won't say much about it, he has that rare combination of being both a performer and a critic. For the past four years he has been a music critic in England and has also handled publicity for John Barbirolli, now conductor of the New York Philharmonic, for Sir Hamilton Harty, great British conductor, and for many other prominent figures in the musical world.

Maskewitz hopes to spend the summer in Carmel and will teach piano here. During the years that he has been traveling (and he has really traveled because he's never been in one country for more than four years) he has held master classes in the principal cities of Australia, in England and took a class of students to Italy.

The program for next week includes a *Waltz*, two *Nocturnes* and an *Etude* by Chopin, *Liebestod* from "Tristan and Isolde" and an *Etude* by Scriabine.

+ + +

BACH FESTIVAL REHEARSAL FOR CHORUS SUNDAY

The chorus of the fourth annual Bach Festival will rehearse this coming Sunday afternoon, March 20, at 3 o'clock in the home of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous on Dolores street between First and Second. There will be no orchestra rehearsal until further notice.

Lee Crowe, Star in 'Topaze' Next Week Has Had Fine Record on Stage

More should be said about this Lee Crowe person who is doing such a wonderful piece of work in "Topaze," the Carmel Players March 24, 25, 26 and 27 presentation at the Filmarte Theatre. The entire cast has had quite a bit of experience on the stage and this is very evident from the rehearsals. Almost all the lines are learned now and fine points are being worked out.

But to get back to Lee Crowe. This versatile young man was born in London of Canadian parents and at the age of five came over to live in Nova Scotia. One of his first jobs was playing in the Adrienne Morris Children's Theatre in New York and then Lee made the headlines by jumping in to play Francis Lederer's part in a show, with only one night's rehearsal. Following this he played many juvenile parts with Al Woods and lots of other well known producers. Suddenly he left the theatre, amid many protestations, and went to study at McGill University where he became a tennis star and was picked to represent Canada on the Davis Cup team. Then he was dragged back to New York to play the part of the boy in "Pursuit of Happiness" and was grabbed by the motion pictures and brought to Hollywood where he had an interview with Sam Goldwyn who didn't like Lee's Chinese name. Lee had never thought his name was Chinese, but he accepted the inevitable and became Clark Williams, a name he never liked because he felt he had drawn sort of a blank. Lee remain-

ed in Hollywood two and a half years and played the title role in "Tailspin Tommy" which made a great hit with the children. But he was never very happy in Hollywood and went back to New York. He stayed in various parts of the East until he came here to visit Noel Sullivan. Lee has had a book of poems published, wrote a guide book of Nova Scotia and a play, "Evangeline Carries On." So, you see he's an actor, crack tennis player and author. Quite a record, and according to Chick McCarthy, he has a dynamic force and instead of having to ask him for more on the stage you have to ask him for less. Says Chick, "He vibrates like a G string when given direction."

Other members of the cast of "Topaze" are Mary Henderson, Lloyd Weer, Eugene Watson, Mollie Darling, Myrtle Stoddard, Frank Dickinson, Franklin Dixon, Ross Miller, Fritz Wurzmman, Dick Carter, Jessie Joan Brown, Georgia Ranney, Adrienne Lillico, John Elizalde, James Reichert, Oliver Bassett, Sean Flavin, James Kelsey.

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Louis Levinson, Jr., John Graham and Dick Uzzell.

The sets were designed by Franklin Dixon and executed by Col. Charles G. Lawrence and Dixon. Among the workers have been Margaret Lang and Jacky Smith. Elea-

nor Irwin is again doing the costumes, Kay Knudsen has charge of the lights and properties will be handled by Marjorie Lowell with the assistance of D'Arcy Gaw. Howard Levinson is the stage manager.

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